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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

PUCKOGRAPH No. 9,

BY

F. GRAETZ,

which accompanies this number as a gratuitous supplement, is that of

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,
 THE NESTOR OF THE CONFEDERACY.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

COLONEL ROBERT INGERSOLL, when he is not as a lawyer pleading the cause of the much misunderstood Star Routers, employs his time demolishing all kinds of religion, priests and Mr. Talmage at a charge of from one dollar to twenty-five cents a head for a seat to hear him do it. Mr. Talmage does not need a vast amount of demolishing; he is his own bane and antidote together; therefore it is little short of cruelty on the part of Mr. Ingersoll to break this butterfly on a wheel with his thundering eloquence and withering sarcasm. But whatever well-worn truths Mr. Ingersoll may give utterance to, we see little difference between the criticised and the critic in the methods employed. Both have a large proportion of the genus mountebank in their composition, and in neither does Christian charity or agnostic virtue shine forth conspicuously.

It is just as much an offense against good taste for Mr. Talmage to preach acrobatic sermons as it is for Mr. Ingersoll to outrage the religious prejudices and beliefs of numbers of worthy people by pursuing the methods of a mere showman. If he really wished to benefit mankind, to show the folly of all religions and the beauty of agnosticism or materialism, or whatever it may be called, he would, as other founders of religion have done, travel about the world at his own expense, preaching and disseminating the truths of the Gospel according to St. Ingersoll, and not for the purpose of making money. There is no pagan unselfishness about Mr. Ingersoll. His motto is: "No money—no lecture." It is true that many millions of people are beginning to discover that the church in which they have been brought up is by no means an infallible guide, and cannot do as much in the way of salvation as it pretends.

This great revolution in thought has not been brought about by such men as Mr. Ingersoll, who simply deny and ridicule what has been denied and ridiculed in a much better way for hundreds of years. It is the writing of the great naturalist who has just been laid in his grave that really awakened mankind to the fallacies of some religious doctrines and the truth of the sacred teachings of science. Darwin did not go from city to city preaching his theories and undermining the religious faith of people at the rate of fifty cents a head, and making his audience laugh at his version of Bible legends. He had no thought of religion when he made his researches and established his theories. He simply sought scientific truth for its own sake,

and he found it. He had nothing to say against cardinals, bishops, popes, priests or rabbis. They never entered for a moment into his mind.

Darwin sought only to state in the clearest and plainest way what he believed to be the truths he had discovered. When he had to combat long credited ideas, or fell foul of the hitherto accepted doctrines of creation, he invariably advanced his own theories with equal modesty and firmness, and paid all possible respect to the sincerity of his opponents. He would have scorned to attempt to win his cause by coarsely ridiculing and grossly insulting those who differed from him. The difference between Talmage and Ingersoll seems to be slight: one is a religious mountebank; the other an irreligious one, whose stock-in-trade is Paine and Voltaire at second hand. Of the two mountebanks, Ingersoll probably does much the more harm.

We are sorry for Mr. Robeson. No man has worked harder for the position he occupies as leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives. Then he is the bosom friend and patron of Speaker Keifer, and oracle and director of the Naval Committee, besides being the only man in Washington who knows anything about the cost of ships, guns and machinery, and the value of old iron and choice junk. One would think that a gentleman with such profound knowledge and manifold accomplishments would wield enormous influence over Congress, and be allowed to do pretty much as he pleased; but, unfortunately, he has enemies, who, regardless of the Scriptural injunction, love him not and say all sorts of unpleasant things about him.

This is really too bad, just as the country is crying out for a new navy, and Mr. Robeson is there all ready equipped to give it to us, together with the benefit of all his vast experience. But the best laid plans sometimes miscarry, and this is what is troubling poor Mr. Robeson. With a Speaker of his own choosing, and the appropriation recommended, nothing would appear easier than just to let the vote slide through, and give Mr. Robeson's friends and contractors an opportunity of making a little money; but yet such has been the curious and awkward position of affairs that, although there is an enormous surplus, and appropriation after appropriation is being made, Mr. Robeson cannot get up in the House and advocate the passing of the naval appropriations without

R. W. EMERSON.

This was indeed life's fullness, to behold

A world that mocked thee in that earlier time—

A world that spurned the offerings of thy prime—

With bowed head listening to thy words of gold.

All that the boyish prophecy foretold

In mystic phrases and in rugged rhyme

Was come to pass; the height thou 'dst dared to climb

Was conquered, and the doubting folk of old

Pressed hard behind thee to the hills new-won—

To catch the shimmer of a far-off sea,

The glimpses of strange lands undreamt before,

The glory of a new arisen sun.

To raise fond hands of gratitude to thee—

Victor and leader, life could hold no more!

having attention directed to some of his peculiarities of conduct in connection with the late navy.

Nasty little disagreeable epithets might also be applied to him which, if neither just nor true, are calculated to disturb even a gentleman of Mr. Robeson's delicate texture. It is hard—very hard; and we are compelled to fall back on John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" to picture the unusual situation. Christian, when he comes to the end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where there are bones, blood and ashes—the remains of those who have been cruelly put to death by a giant who inhabits it, is, "by reason of age, also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by and biting his nails because he could not come at them." For "pilgrims" we have but to read "appropriations," and the parallel is complete. The remains of the late navy lie in the cave of the ogre Robeson, and he bites his nails in despair at his inability to obtain new prey or appropriations just at the time he would like to have them. We certainly do want a new navy; but perhaps it is better to postpone the purchase of that luxury until Mr. Robeson retires from politics or is made receiver of a savings-bank or of a life insurance company in New York. The quality of impenetrability in natural philosophy is that which will not permit two things to occupy the same space at the same time. This applies to Mr. Robeson; for there can be no navy where he is. Let us then save our money and keep Mr. Robeson; it will be cheaper in the end, especially if he can be induced to turn his attention to some enterprise which would yield larger profits.

We present a PUCKOGRAPH, this week, of Alexander H. Stephens, a very respectable and sensible old gentleman, in spite of his weight, which is but ninety pounds, and his former political proclivities, which had a strong Confederate flavor. They could not very well be otherwise, as Mr. Stephens happened to be the Vice-President of the "lost cause" to Mr. Jefferson Davis's President. We have said that Mr. Stephens is a respectable man. He deserves this title, because he has accepted the situation, and, although his opinions are probably unchanged, he does not howl about his hard fate; but is a useful legislator, is sound on finance questions, and supports a large brain on a small and infirm body.

OUR AGRICULTURE.

Some weeks ago we opened an "Agricultural Department." At the time we did not intend to make it a permanent fixture, nor do we at present. Yet we have received so many complimentary letters that we have decided to keep it up for awhile. Many of our correspondents have seen fit to ask us questions of vital interest to themselves, and, we suppose, to the public. At any rate, we are going to try them on the public, and if the public doesn't like them, the public can take it out of the horny-handed inquirers.

JOHN J. PEPPERGAST writes to know the best method of canning poultry to be shipped to the city. He states that he has experienced great trouble with his poultry in this respect. He also wants to know of something that will make hens lay, and of a cheap kind of artificial hatcher. The best method of canning poultry is to use our artificial hens. They are made of rubber with celluloid bones, and are guaranteed to be up to the best boarding-house standard of toughness. They may be had at this office, where we shall be happy to show Mr. Peppergast a sample that has been in active use since 1869, having worn out four generations of boarders. The average life of a boarder is, as we learn from statistics, about five years and three quarters. As to making hens lay, there is only one way. That is to make them distinctly understand that you don't want them to lay, and then they will hump up their femininity and lay just to spite you. The best hatcher is a plain old hen, and there is no patent on her.

JAMES MARLOWE is anxious to know which makes the most substantial pump-sucker, cloth or leather. As a rule, pump-suckers are built out of basement sections of old trousers; but boot-tops, or small pieces cut out of light kid gloves, such as are usually worn by farmers when at work in the fields, will do equally well. If you can get your small boy's toy balloon and use a bit of it, you will find it a very fair substitute for leather. A latitudinal slice of the small boy will also do nicely.

JAMES MUDGITT writes: "How should I plant cabbages in the Fall?" Mr. Mudgitt, the answer is a very simple one. You must first take a spade, and go out and select a place, then measure the trenches, husk off your coat and sail in. Don't take a can of beer with you, as that might delay you. After you have made the trenches, stand the cabbages on their heads and they will be all right. Another way is to cook the cabbages with corned beef and plant them together. In the Winter they will freeze solid, and when you want your dinner you may go out and secure it with an axe.

JOTHAM STILES is anxious to ascertain the best time to plant bean-poles. Mr. Stiles, the best time is when the balmy zephyr is capering o'er the meadow and the goat is eating your wife's last Easter bonnet. When you plant them, be sure to put them in a sandy loam, as they grow better in that style of ground. When the poles are about eight feet high, and begin to bear beans, pluck the beans and put the poles in the hot-house for the Winter.

FREDDY W. wants to know a cure for sour apple cholera. Take a little Jamaica ginger and about half a hand of rye whiskey. Mix the two pretty well and pour them down. Five minutes later take a little Jamaica ginger and about half a hand of rye whiskey. Mix the two pretty well and pour them down. Then

you will feel better; but, if you think you are not thoroughly cured, take a little Jamaica ginger and about half a hand—well, that is the way to cure sour apple cholera. Now, if you would like to know how to break an elephant, just let us know and we'll tell you. We are always ready to deal out our brains, so don't be bashful.

JAMES L. THOMS writes as follows:

JAMESTOWN, Va., April 25th, 1882.

Agricultural Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have had a great deal of trouble raising tobacco lately. Last year a flock of sheep jumped my stone wall and dined on that tobacco until there was nothing left but the roots. Now what should I do?

Mr. Thoms, you should either sell out your sheep or stop trying to raise tobacco. Tobacco can never be successfully wedded to mutton, on a farm or off. The tobacco would naturally destroy the flavor of the mutton, just as mutton would destroy the flavor of tobacco. We never heard of mutton-chops being packed in chewing tobacco, nor are we aware of the fact that Spring lamb has ever been served up stuffed with Henry Clay cigars. But if you must raise both, either erect a wirework over your tobacco or muzzle your sheep. We know you must have trouble raising your tobacco. We know many men in the same fix. They will go around all day trying to raise it out of their friends—especially their cigarettes—and they don't have sheep to bother them either; nothing bothers them except a fear of being unsuccessful.

THE OLD CARPET.



"Take me up tenderly, lift me with care."

ROBINSON'S SONG.

When first my modest kit I lugged
Across the briny deep,
I found the American eagle drugged,
And very fast asleep.
Although you may deem me a
Fool in the bud,
Political pyæmia
Was poisoning her blood.

Was poisoning her blood,
Was poisoning her blood;
Political pyæmia
Was poisoning her blood.

I roused her from her slumber sad,
And brushed the murky mildew
From her grand pinions—made her glad—
She soared up till she thrilled you.
Although you may deem me a
Fraudulent one,
That bird with pyæmia
Has soared to the sun.

Has soared to the sun,
Has soared to the sun;
That bird fans the tempest,
And soars to the sun.

Puckeyings.

It was satisfactory to learn that young Master Albany (Duke) was well enough to be able not to fall down while being married.

THE AMERICAN NAVY got quite wet at Monday's review, but is now being well rubbed down with Turkish towels by Mr. Robeson.

A MAN DIED from hanging himself to a clothes line. We suppose he was unaccustomed to all the stages of the process of being laundried.

MR. JOHN KELLY calls himself an anti-monopolist, and yet he monopolizes all the votes that Tammany can succeed in stuffing in the ballot-boxes.

WE ARE NOT so certain that there are canals in the planet Mars. We think they are more likely to be in Saturn, because we can see the rings.

DAVID SWING recently paid a girl \$3,000 for kissing her. That is, a court requested him to. Now David ought to try to marry her for her money.

ANOTHER INDIAN OUTBREAK is reported. What the Indians really need at present is a good dose of picra, or some other wholesome Spring tonic.

MR. BRADLAUGH has brought suit against the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, because the Sergeant destroyed his suit when he tried to take his seat. Joke à la London Punch.

SAN FRANCISCO has a bureau for exchanging bric-à-brac. We want such an institution in New York to deter wives from bartering their husband's best trousers for plaster of Paris casts of alleged Bacons and Miltons offered by Italian image men.

MR. PARKE GODWIN says: "Our women are the handsomest in the world, and they should be the best cultivated." Some of them would perhaps be better cultivated by young men if bouquets, candies, ice-cream, and theatre tickets were not such expensive luxuries.

It is a pity that Mr. Sullivan is in jail, or he might have found occupation in training Mr. Blaine for a prize-fight with Mr. Belmont. Mr. Blaine's adjectives have not much hitting power; they don't land, so to speak, on the bread-basket and tater-trap.

MANY OF OUR readers have been served their beer by German counts, who, on this side of the Atlantic, have become useful members of society and turned waiters; but we suppose that very few know that Moses Mendelssohn is selling "pants" on Broadway now.

THE JEWS OF ODESSA are marrying at the rate of one hundred and fifty couples a day, under the impression that they will get land, clothing stores and pawnbrokers' stores for nothing when they arrive in America. Jews are not the only people in the world who marry for what they can gain by the operation.

LET US hear no more complaints of not being able to obtain a night's lodging in police stations. The example of a Jersey City young man has simply to be followed. He obtained a perpetual night's lodging, until the crack of doom, by promptly shooting himself, on the sergeant telling him there was no accommodation for lodgers.

MORE DIFFICULTIES.

We have received some very flattering telegrams (so flattering, that we must ask to be excused from printing them,) from several of our most eminent thinkers, on the strength of an article recently published in Puck, called "Difficult Accomplishments."

These thinkers have suggested the propriety of continuing the subject, as they claim to believe our greatest difficulties in life are those that most people never think of. The philosophers are right.

Now some people think it is not difficult to write poetry. Well, it is not—when you happen to feel like it. But when you don't feel like it it is different. Then it becomes about as difficult as to open a copy of Puck on a crowded ferryboat without becoming the cynosure of all eyes. No extra charge.

And then it is, when you don't feel like grinding out verse, that the foreman wants it the most. In fact, the more you drivel, the shorter the compositors are of copy, and, when they do want it, there is no half way business about it. They want it worse than a condemned murderer wants his freedom.

So you try something seasonable, as that is the most easily churned. You make an awful attempt to begin:

"Like silver arrows falls the April rain
Upon the woodland rose's snowy lips—"

And then you are stuck. You quickly rise from your ebony chair, walk up and down the office trying to think your way out. And you run over all the rhymes to "rain" like lightning. "Would you like some lemonade?" inquires one of the artists, who happens to meet you.

You don't notice him, but go on:

"J. G. Blaine, hurricane, deign, feign, gain,
Jane, lane, mane, pain, stain, vane, wain," etc.

But none of them seem to fit except "lane." And then you are stuck for a rhyme for "lips." You can think of many that would yield a fine comic effect. If you were writing a comic poem it would be the opposite. And then the foreman walks in again like an executioner, and tells you the salaried compositors are pitching pennies to kill time, while the space-workers are lying on the floor dying.

Then you send word down through the pipe to the man who called to lend you some money or to ask you for some theatre passes—you are not positive which—that you have gone to take a ramble on Staten Island for inspiration.

The foreman cheers you up—or, rather, he doesn't cheer you up—by saying he has often seen you turn off a sonnet in ten minutes. Of course he has; but it was at a time when one was not needed. But you make another attempt:

"Like silver arrows falls the April rain
Upon the woodland rose's snowy lips;
The playful lambkin o'er the meadow skips,
And apple-blossoms drift along the lane.

"The morning-glory round the window pane,
In every breeze its purple chalice dips;
While at the porch the blue-bird gaily trips,
And softly tells us Spring has come again.

"Pan is not dead." His brow's still bound with
leaves;
No restaurant has yet prime-muttoned him—
Besides, the goat still eats the silver flute.

"Now cuckoos sweetly twitter on the eaves,
And swallows in long circles swiftly skim,
While vernal music makes the dreamer mute."

"There, that is a pretty sick sonnet; but it will do."

The foreman leaves with it, highly delighted, saying that the paper is full and he will need nothing more. You are jubilant, because you are free. You haven't got to think of anything in the way of poetry; consequently, a splendid

idea comes to you, and you can't forget it. It haunts you, and you have to write it. This is the way it goes:

TRAGEDY.

The moment he returned from work,
In manner cool and solemn
He grabbed his wife, and, with a dirk,
Destroyed her spinal column.

He jumped on her and tore her hair,
And threw her from the casement;
And smiled to see her through the air
Go flying to the basement.

Then flew down-stairs upon a run,
This injudicious mortal
Who sent her, with an axe and gun,
Through Death's unhappy portal.

And that's the reason ladies swell
To cheer his lonely hours,
And daily lay beside his cell
Huge basketfuls of flowers.

You send this to the foreman also.
Is he delirious with joy?

He is.

Are you delirious with joy when you come down to the office the next morning?

You are not.

Why are you not?

Why, because a change has been made since you left last night, and all that stuff that you struggled with so hard has been crowded out, and won't go in until next week.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

TRIOLETS.

I.

She gives me a rose,
It's a kind of a rebate—
What sentiment flows
When she gives me a rose,
Well this—that my nose
Smells a hook, when I see bait
She gives me a rose—
It's a kind of a rebate.

II.

He gives me a rose,
But he gives on condition
That I buy Jaqueminots
(Ah—he gives me a rose),
By the bunch—all he grows—
When in well-heeled position
He gives me a rose—
But he gives on condition.

A. E. WATROUS.

A REVIEW.

The *North American Review* is out for May, 1882. Carl Schurz opens from the spot and counts. Then he gathers the balls in the lower left hand corner, and works them along the rail in a most skillful manner, and causes his backer, A. T. Rice, to offer long odds on him. That's why "Party Schisms and Future Problems" is such a timely and interesting article.

Then Sam Wards steps before the footlights, and does himself proud in "Days with Longfellow." This article contains many pleasant reminiscences of the departed poet, and will be read with interest by every one who isn't too mean to invest fifty cents in a copy, or too proud to borrow the pamphlet from a friend. Mr. Ward tells us in a most charming manner how he negotiated the sale of the "Hanging of the Crane," and secured four thousand dollars for it. We wish Mr. Ward would sell some of our poems for us at this rate. We will guarantee him six poems a week, and give him half. That would be twelve thousand dollars per week, or six hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars per year. We would be satisfied with one year; and then Mr. Ward would have enough money to lease a theatre and run it for two weeks.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps then inquires: "What Does Revelation Reveal?" We give it up, Elizabeth; this is not our conundrum week.

"The Navy," by Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Goringe, is a pretty healthy sort of article to read when you are not feeling well; because you think you are going to find out where the United States Navy is. But you don't. If Henry knows where it is, he is wise enough to keep it to himself until a suitable reward is offered, and not give information that would enable the police to find it.

W. H. Mallock opens a series of papers entitled: "Conversations With a Solitary." We have not read the first paper carefully; but still we admire the logic of the remarks directed by the farmer at the lonesome setting hen.

"The Spent Bullet" is an attempt by Gail Hamilton to defend Religion against the supposed attacks of Science. Religion won't thank her, and Science won't care.

The *North American Review* has a very plain and dignified cover—like a ham. And it conquers our respect and admiration because it is plain and doesn't sport a wild parody cut of Aquarius holding a demijohn in one hand and fighting his way through an ocean of stewed vermicelli with the other.

POSSESSION NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.



HAPPY HUSBAND:—"NOW UNPACK THE CHILDREN!"

A FEW CANINE CUTS.



A LOOSE LEAF FROM THE LATE DOG-SHOW.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXII.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



Ya-as, anothah event borderwing on a surpwise. A youngah fwiend, whom I had not seen faw severwal ye-ahs, burst in on me the othah evening.

"How are you, old fellow?" he exclaimed.

I turned arround and inspected him faw a moment, and then murmured:

"Ah, Churchill, my boy, I'm verwy glad to see you he-ah. My wife is in the countwy, but come and dine with me to-morwow."

"Don't think I can to-morwow, de-ah b-b-boy," weplied Lord Wandolph: "Ye see, my wife, Manchester and his son, and Elphinstone are with us, and we must all have a little west befaw we go out. Came in the 'Gallia,' ye know."

"Aw," I asked: "is this the first visit of the duke to Amerwica?"

"Ya-as, Fitz, I believe so. Ye know, of course, that young Mandeville marwied an Amerwican gyurl, and his fathah has come out to see what the countwy wesembles, and if the othah membahs of the family are at all pwe-sentible—don't you find that Amerwican gyurls make tolerwably good wives?"

"Ya-as, Wandolph, I have no weason to be

dissatisfied; but aw you will perwhaps permit me to congwatulate you on the pwogwess you have been making in your political carwe-ah. I have watched it with gweat interwest, although I cahn't exactly say that I appwove altogethah of the position you have taken, or that I agree with all your pwinciples."

"Well, Fitznoodle, ye see there isn't any verwy gwand opportunity faw a young man who is a Conservative; and, of course aw, I could not be anything else to distinguish myself in Parliament, and consequently I was obliged to stwike out in a new line. I have weceived a twemendous amount of abuse, but I do not wegard that."

"Could you not manage to saddle your horses with Northcote?" I inquired.

"No; he's an obstinate and not a particularly bwight old fellow. In fact, he's wathah narwow-minded, and is horwibly jealous of me. Between ourselves, I much pwefer Gladstone, although it won't do faw me to say so. I'm afwaid aw, howevah, that our party has not much chance of obtaining office, at least faw any extended perwiod; but I am determined to wendah myself indispensable to any Conservative ministwy that may be formed."

"I compwehend perfectly," I said: "But what are you going to do he-ah?"

"Aw, I shall twavel about and wecwuit, study the Irwish question fwom an Amerwican point of view, and shall consent to be dined by the aw celebated Lotos Club, if it thinks pwopah to ask me aw."

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

OUR RESPLENDENT and Esteemed Contemporary the *Sun* has published a skit headed "Verbal Leases." It says nothing, however, about your mother-in-law letting her tongue out.

THE GREAT DARWIN patented natural selection, but neglected to explain why the Spring chickens purchased by the average boarding-house keeper are naturally selected for their toughness.

YOUNG ALBANY'S (England) bride-cake weighs two hundred pounds and is six feet high. In this respect it bears a striking resemblance to the Honorable Patrick Ryan, the recently defeated candidate for champion honors in the pugilistic arena.

A NEW BOY'S OWN paper will shortly be published in this city. The literature and illustrations will outdo, in intensity, anything now displayed on the stands. The editors will spare neither powder or gore to put it at the head. We understand that the philanthropist who is backing it is a large wholesale dealer in hemp.

COL. THOS. W. KNOX has written a book called: "How to Travel." We presume it tells you how to talk to a Niagara hackman on the tariff question; how to make a paper-collar last two days on a dusty road; how to secure the tenderest steak in a hotel; how to get a porter to carry your trunk half a mile, and many other things indispensable to the tourist.

B'S.

While glasses full of May-wine clink,
And urchins at the apples wink,
We gaily make
A wondrous break
To save a little of our chink,
To keep us at the raging sea,
When Summer smiles upon the lea,
And every festive honey-bee
Gets in its work both hot and quick,
And makes the adventurous urchin sick.

TO ALCIDES.

Yes, sir, we shall be most happy to give you our candid opinion on the subject of athletics. It is a subject at present attracting a great deal of attention throughout the land, and is, therefore, well worthy of our intelligent pen. It is stated that athletics go toward making men good husbands—that athletes always govern their homes properly. If this be the case, women ought to go in more for physical exercise, that they may have something to say in the ruling of the roast.

But, at the same time, we would advise you to leave athletics alone, unless you are anxious to get on the police force. Even in that case it would be much more advantageous to leave exercise alone and work up political influence.

You say, though, that you want to do it for sport. Well, that's a different thing. Pitch right in and try it, and when you get through, come down to the office and tell us all about it. We anticipate for you a pretty lively time, and will tell you in advance some of the drawbacks of this style of fun.

Well, say, for instance, you join a base-ball club. The first thing you have to do is to pay an initiation fee and buy a uniform, and pay your share to the fund for having the ground rolled and the club-house painted. Then you go up to practice. You have a splendid time. Before you have been at it five minutes you attempt to take the ball off the bat, and the ball takes a nail off your middle finger, and drives your thumb back and makes your hand look like a pistol on full cock. Then, in sliding for the home-plate, you come down so hard on the ground that you feel like staying there; and when you go to catch a sky-ball, the sun shines in your eyes so brightly that you misguage the ball, and get it so hard on your face that you haven't got nose enough left to adjust a pair of glasses on.

Then, while on your way home, so hungry that a raw turnip would seem like a Bartlett pear, you will reflect on the fact that athletics go a long way toward making a good husband—and leave the base-ball club about half dead and fifty dollars out.

But you won't give up; you will go and hire a horse the next day and do the equestrian act. You will try to get a gentle horse, and you will succeed; for livery stables always make it a point to rent you horses that can't be hammered off a walk, so that you can't drive them to death. When you arrive in the country, that horse will get on the side of the rode to eat grass, and you will be unable to make him move. In an awful attempt to haul his head up from the ground, you will pull so hard on the bridle that, before you know it, you will be sliding gracefully down the horse's neck. The horse will naturally look up to see what the matter is, and then you will be tossed. The horse will be surprised, and lose his footing and fall, and break himself open on a pickle bottle; and about three week's salary will meander away from you so surely that you will feel very ill. As you walk home, you will

PUCK'S POPULAR TRACTS.

II.

THE BAD CASHIER.

A STORY OF THE REWARD OF PIETY.

This is a true story that we are about to tell, and it shows how the Good and Virtuous are rewarded, and how there are joys which only the righteous know, and which they seem to have a monopoly of.

We trust that this little story will go right to the heart of a great many young men who are studying the subject of finance in an improper spirit, and who think that they can be bank-cashiers and yet belong to the sinful world.

Oh, young friend, you do not know what a mistake you are making!

There is no Canada or Paris for young men who take this view of the subject. Did you ever hear of a bank-cashier on a European trip who was not a member of the church, even a pillar of the sacred edifice?

There was once a young cashier in a country bank, and he led a wild and reckless life. He smoked cigars and drank beer and made vacuums in straws, to the other end of which lemonades were attached. And on Sundays he took his best girl out riding behind a horse with large powers of locomotion. He also amused himself by poking sticks at ivory balls and assorting painted cards, which he gave to his friends around the table, beginning with the friend on his right; and when they all had got their pictures they used to look at them and say how many more they wanted, and he would give them more, with the utmost indifference to the jeopardy in which he was placing their immortal souls.

But one day this bad young man went to a revival meeting in the town, and he was so affected by the exhortations of the good evangelist that he decided to give up his sinful ways and have a new heart put in while he waited.

And when he came out all his naughty companions jeered at him; but that very evening the President and three of the most venerable and respected directors of the bank called him aside and asked him for his assistance in relieving the strain on the interior of the safe, for they said to him: "You are one of us now."

This shows the reward of piety.



be more positive than ever that athletics make a good husband.

Then you take to rowing. In order to row you have got to have water; also a boat. When you get on the water you will have lots of fun. Steamboats will bear down on you and almost upset you with the swell. Then you will get stuck in the mud and be borne a mile out of your way by tides and eddies. The row back is what will fetch you. It will bring out your muscles and profanity, and make you so hungry that the sight of a live cabbage would make you delirious with delight. Of course you will get upset in a shell and have a solid cold, and, just as you think of resigning, you will be assessed to "put up" for a masquerade ball, or

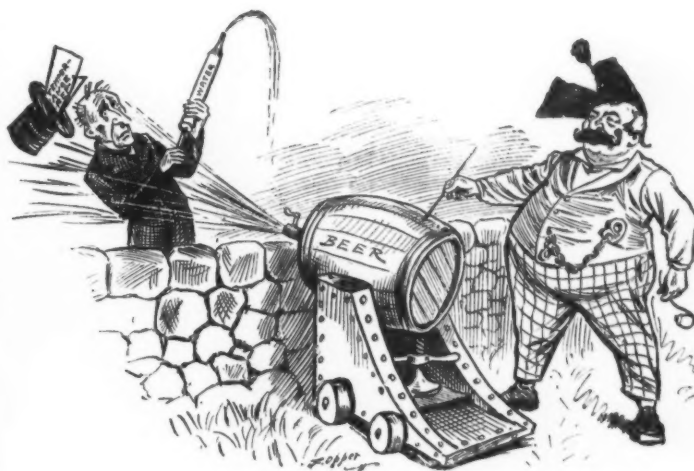
to send a crack crew to England. Oh, yes, athletes make good husbands; but we advise you to follow our plan, and take the chances of being failures. Don't canoe, don't bicycle, don't cricket, don't croquet—in short, don't do any work that doesn't yield money. If you must have exercise, sharpen your lead-pencil often, or eat shad, or try to find a good match in a dark room, or shovel in coal, or chop wood. Philosophers will tell you this is the kind of exercise that makes husbands; but don't believe too much in philosophers; they are generally very lazy men that delight in telling people how to be industrious and happy. Yes, leave athletics alone. That style of thing is only fit for Indians and canal mules.

A SQUATTER ON THE "ROCKS"



WHO OUGHT TO BE EVICTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

A NEW METHOD OF DEFENSE.



BEING A SUGGESTION TO THE NOBLE ARMY OF BREWERS.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Girouette" pursues its lively course along at DALY'S THEATRE, and will close the season.

The last nights of "Youth" are announced at WALLACK'S. Sad that it should be cut short in its prime.

Gus Williams, the eminent Teutonic comedian, has signalled HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE for an engagement beginning June 5th.

"Esmeralda" is being played at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE for a change, not that it is much of a change, for it has already run nearly two hundred nights.

Messrs. KOSTER & BIAL have now captured Mr. M. Arbuckle to cornet for them, with a military orchestra of forty-two musicians, and they go very well with the fleet-
ing Bock beer.

The final representations of "The World," under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Dickson, are now taking place at HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN, with all the original effects and scenery.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE remains dedicated to Mr. Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," the success of which is more than assured, even if the author does not yet merit the title of the American Shakspeare.

"La Mascotte" must have some staying power in it; otherwise it would not be the reigning attraction at the STANDARD THEATRE, under the management of C. D. Hess, who is exhibiting his Acme Opera Company to advantage.

"Le Jour et la Nuit," otherwise known as "Manola," was produced, on Monday night, by Mr. Maurice Grau's French Opera Company, at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. "Carmen," with Paola Marié as the heroine, was announced.

Messrs. Harrigan & Hart, of the THEATRE COMIQUE, are rigid in their determination to allow "Squatter Sovereignty" to civilize the inhabitants of New York City for an unlimited period; and yet we cannot find it in our hearts to blame them.

As an æsthetic paper, we feel that justice has not been done to the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and Society for American Artists; but amends shall be made as soon as we have gazed once more on these our own art treasures.

Miss Eugénie Legrand appeared, on Monday last, in George Darrell's original play, entitled "Solange," at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE. We shall speak of her performance next week. Miss Legrand comes to New York with a brilliant Canadian reputation.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE keeps up its reputation for varied performances. Rice's Mammoth Surprise Party and Lyric Comedy Company are now engaged in

making Brooklyn mankind and womankind happy with "Cinderella at School" and "The Mascotte."

Mr. Elliot Mason's Bicycling School in 34th Street is one of the most delightful resorts in this fair city, providing you know how to propel yourself on a bicycle; and if you do not, a great deal of enjoyment can still be obtained from it by taking lessons in this beautiful and indispensable combination of art and science.

Miss Kate Castleton and Frank Bush are the bright lights of "All at Sea," at the SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE, appearing as they do to the utmost advantage in Mr. Geo. H. Jessop's farce-comedy of nautical design. The entertainment has been witnessed already by crowds, and others are preparing to contribute their presence at less than the usual box-office rates.

The heart of Africa is being searched by advance agents of the Kivalfy Brothers for animals for the "The Black Venus," which is to be produced at NIBLO'S, in the Autumn, on a scale well calculated to make the native African princes turn white with envy. There will be a ballet—but not from Africa—and the mechanical effects will, it is promised, throw the Patent-office at Washington into the shade.

"After the Opera," at the PARK THEATRE, is a rollicking farce in four acts, by Mr. A. C. Gunther. It is funny enough; but, on the whole, is not a very brilliant performance, and is seemingly an Americanization of some French suggestion, and not very American at that. Yet it is a piece very well adapted for the dying theatrical season, and Mr. E. M. Holland, in his best comic style, makes the most of the part entrusted to him. Mr. Saville acts well the character part of *De Lacy*, and Mrs. Dillon shows much ability as the country young woman. The real horse and real coupé created mild enthusiasm.

QUEEN VICTORIA yesterday invested the King of the Netherlands with the Order of the Garter.—*Commercial Advertiser*, April 28th.

The Queen may know what she is about; but, at the same time, we are not carried away by her investment. Now, why didn't she invest the King of the Netherlands with all the Bock he could hold, and not go and work a mean little garter snap on him? Or she might have invested him with some May-wine, a Swiss cheese sandwich, and a straw hat with a blue band. If he got these things, he could afford to let his stockings work down over his Oxford ties, and undergo the extreme felicity of having the latter filled with dust and sand at every step.

'Tis now in every woodland pass
The damsel digs sassafras.

AN ELMIRA exchange has a scholarly and readable article on newspaper frames. The only newspaper frames we ever saw were the journalists that attempted to get fat on poetry.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She has moved, and advises you to do likewise.

CRISP O'GRAFF.—Do we want to start a "Puzzle Department"? Oh, young man, the road to dusty death is strewn with the corpses of merry maniacs who have tried to get us to start a "Puzzle Department." If you wish to be strewn yourself, come along, and we'll make you think you have struck an Autumn hurricane instead of a Spring zephyr.

LUCINDA.—You have got this paper mixed up with some other. We are not an *Ingle Corner* or a *Fireside Nook* or a *Household Delight*, and we haven't any room for "Only" poems, except in the waste-basket. That's where your poem has gone. Send us a receipt for making griddle-cakes, to keep it company.

KELLOGG.—We sincerely trust that you feel better after the outburst of poetry in which you have indulged. It is a weird sort of thing, original and unclassifiable. We never saw anything quite like it before, and we think we could be content with more or less variety hereafter. This passage seems to us the gem of the work:

"He said to the waiter:
Tom, let
Me have a tomato
Omelette."

This is wholly your own. We think you may be destined to be the founder of a school. All we have to say is that if you are, you are going to get the school into trouble.

HERR R., JR.—"Can a young man (single, of course,) with propriety ask a married lady, in presence of her husband to accompany him to the theatre or some such place of amusement?" Young man, (single, of course,) it is not a question of propriety; it is a question of safety. It depends largely upon the calibre of the husband and the fleetness of the young man (single, of course.) If there is an open window within convenient reach, and the husband is paralytic, a young man (single, of course,) might very comfortably try it on, without committing an offense against the canons of good taste or prudence. But we don't see the necessity for it. If we were a young man, (single, of course,) it seems to us that we should hunt around for a nice looking young girl, (single, of course,) and ask her to go with us to the theatre. Then there would not be any one to look out for except a big brother, (single, of course,) and it strikes us strongly that we wouldn't mind him for very long. A young man (single, of course,) is a rather lonely and miserable object, anyway.



THE NEW POLITICAL PILGRIMS

“ * * * He is, by reason of age, also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he now do



PRIM'S PROGRESS.—PASSING THE OGRE.

ints, that how do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at Appropriations as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them."

ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

Washington, April 25th, 1882.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

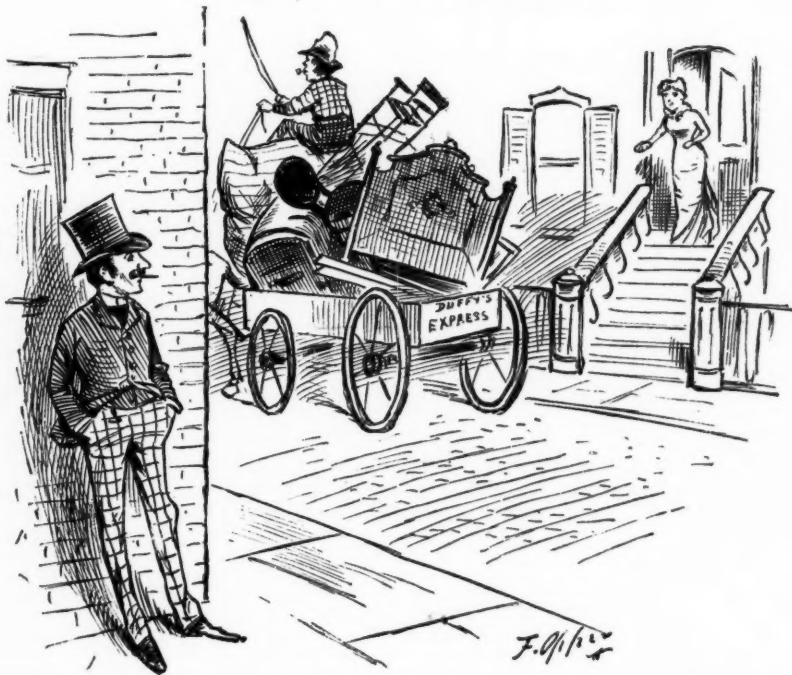
MR. ROBINSON, the pious and unobtrusive Member from the ecclesiastical city of Brooklyn, requested that the decks might be cleared, the guns run out and everything prepared for action, as he had something on his mind, and he wished to relieve that delicate portion of his anatomy of its incubus. Calling for a goblet of whiskey, and, trying the integrity of his shilleeh which he vigorously flourished over his head, he began his oration:

"Niver," said he: "since I roamed through the boundless bogs of my native land, bedad, have I approached the consideration of a question that so deeply effects mankind in giniral, and Faynian's Land Leaguers and mesilf in particular, d'ye moind. Bad luck to the Foreign Affairs Committee that hasn't done its duty by the bhoys. The President, who in his heart has rale love for the murtherin' Sassenach, must be requested to sind a messenger boy to Queen Victoria, to inform that black-hearted faymale that, if she don't let my frinds out of jail on re-sate of the order, the Tower of London and Madame Tussaud's will be burnt about her ears, and she'll be arristed without warrint, begorra!"

"Arrah, now," the orator continued: "the min who are languishing in the fetid dungeons of British bastiles are the noblest patriots that iver cracked a skull at Donnybrook or shot a landlord from behind a fince. Sure and their names are Mick McGill, Dinnis Rooney, Tim O'Toole and Pat Murphy, thrue-born Irish-Americans, and it's not these frinds of mine as is going to be previnted from kicking up a shindy if they please. It was an Irishman who could foight as ought to be Minister at the Court of St. James; not a mere literary man, simply because he could rade and write. Mither Lowell must come back at wonst. Oireland is a foine counthry, for no murders are iver committed there, barring the putting out of the way of a landlord or two whin the dirty spalpeens sind to collect their rint."

Mr. Robinson's peroration was as follows.

PRUDENT RETIREMENT.



HUSBAND:—"THERE GOES THE LAST LOAD. GUESS I CAN VENTURE IN SIGHT NOW."

It is much funnier in itself than in any form PUCK could put it, and is recorded in these columns as a sample of Irish-American humor:

"When I came here I found the American eagle drugged and drowsy, her blood poisoned with political pyæmia, her wing wet with the mildew of monarchy, and her beak filled with Lowell garbage. I roused her from her ignoble slumber, I brushed the dew from her magnificent pinion, I gave her voice to the music of freedom, and sent her with her magnificent wing to fan the tempest and soar to the sun."

MR. S. S. COX rather thought that his travels in Europe had considerably toned down his fire-eating; but he, nevertheless, in the name of fifty millions of people, demanded that Irishmen, especially when they were Americans,

should be allowed to plot against the British Government when they had a mind to; if not, how could he expect his constituents—and they were all Irishmen—ever to send him to Congress again?

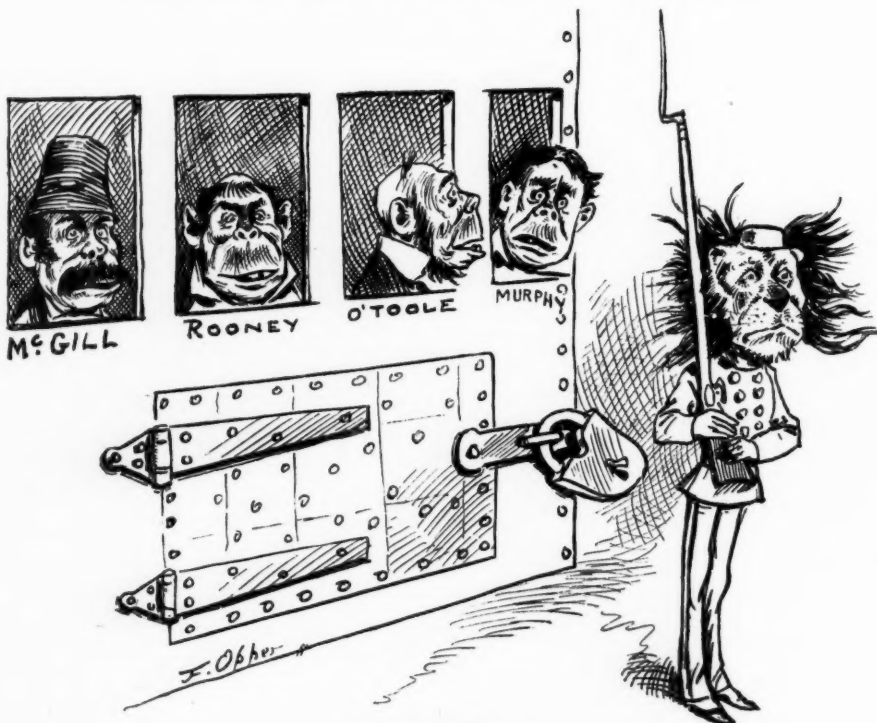
MR. ORTH talked such sound American horse sense on the subject that we forbear giving a report of his speech, for it might make our Irish readers feel uncomfortable by its moderation.

After remarks from more or less crankful members,

MR. ROBINSON replied by advocating war and desolation and no surrender. Nothing would be easier than to send the Sixty-ninth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y. and a few Brooklyn ferry-boats across the Atlantic, sack London, blow up Portsmouth, and crown Mr. Parnell in Manchester as Emperor of Great Britain and Ireland. The expedition ought to start to-morrow.

The House then passed a resolution of Mr. Cox's which sounded big, but did not mean anything, and then adjourned for "stationery."

AMERICAN CITIZENS "ABROAD"



IN CONFINEMENT.

MR. BLAINE was probably the most refined and courteous Secretary of State this country ever was blessed with. We like to hear American Secretaries of State talk about English bondholders "putting up the job of a war" for "loot and booty." It makes us think what a very inferior six-by-nine country we should be if we had not statesmen who could speak in this way.

YOU DRINK the festive Bock,
And you contemplate the stock
Of neck-wear in stores for the gent,
And all you have to say
Is, this is the month of May,
And not long ago it was Lent.

TENNYSON is beginning to take an interest in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Perhaps it is as well, after "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade."

THE GOAT eats the verbena
And laughs like a hyena.

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER.

TO MR. DE JONES.

Yes, Mr. Arthur Gwenallan de Jones, we have read your poem, and we will send you our criticism thereon. To make it more interesting, we will intersperse the criticism you desire with the poem; that is, mix them up, as it were. Possibly the poem may be benefited by this operation; perhaps the criticism may be advantaged therefrom; most assuredly, when combined, they will make that "perfect gem" for which the age is seeking.

I.
"Oh, 'tis long and weary waiting
All the night,
While my careworn heart seems breaking—
My Delight!"

How sad! But, Arthur, a night is not long, if you improve it with beer and a variety theatre; and, if a man has any spunk about him, he will not let any Delight make his nights weary, but will pitch in and break stone, instead of breaking his heart.

By the way, are "waiting" and "breaking" a study of rhyme from Oscar Wilde? And what does "Delight" in the last line mean? If you think the sentiment expressed in the verse new, let me undeceive you; it is the same old thing that the original Tupper sang in the time of Darwin's "missing link."

II.
"When with aching head I'm dreaming—
What a sight—
All my thoughts to you are streaming,
True Delight!"

This is evidently intended for a funny verse; but we advise you to patent the idea of dreaming with an aching head. It is a new idea, and worth a fortune, if you can fill the bill. We never knew that dreaming and an aching head were co-existent in one person, and we must be pardoned for saying, in sailor parlance: that "they will not jibe well together."

But how extremely interesting it must be to see streaming thoughts. Just imagine it. You stand on a hill-top in New Jersey, and your streaming thoughts, that come from the head—or thoughts are supposed to do so—elongate themselves along the air, like an immense hair switch, till they reach your "true Delight," located, we presume, in New York. The thing is immense. But why, if she is a "true Delight," need you have a careworn and breaking heart, and an aching head? Fellows with "true Delights" for sweethearts, are generally as glad as June sunshine, or the small boy who has earned a ticket by leading the circus goat.

III.
"While I'm watching long and weary,
I invite
That my welcome may be cheery,
Dear Delight!"

Now it is all right to watch and wait, especially if the girl is pretty, and has the shekels; but when you are expecting a cheery welcome, what is the use of being weary about it? Just imagine a bright, sunny, nineteenth century maiden, such as one would naturally expect a girl named Delight to be, coming toward you with her face beaming, to see your weary countenance considerably longer than the nine points of moral law. Why, it would be like thrusting an icicle down her back, and it would be about as far from a cheerful welcome as the North Pole is distant from Jerusalem.

IV.
"And I'll wait, and stay, and ever,
If I might;
And when life's dark way is over
Join Delight!"

Of course you will wait while you stay; or, possibly, it might be more convenient to stay while you wait; and if you wish to, we don't

think any one will object to your staying or waiting forever, if you only go far enough away. And yet, if you intend staying, how are you to join Delight? And where is she? She must be alive, for, in the second verse, you say you will welcome her; but if you cannot join her till you get through with "life's dark way," she must also be dead.

If we might advise you, we would say, sell her to Barnum for a live-dead woman, or dead-live woman, or a woman both dead and alive. She would be a bigger gun than Jumbo. "Ever" and "over" are statuesque, we know; that is, "ever" is more so than "over," which is troublesome; but they don't drive well in tandem.

Yet there is hope for you, Mr. de Jones. All that you have to do is to be made over again, and either beg, borrow or steal some brains, and then—well, then you'll be fit for burial, and we will write your elegy, we will, indeed.

Yours,
WILL FUENTES.

"I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE DAY."



"Divil the scrub I'll scrub, an' divil the brush I'll brush undher foive dollars. Wud yez be afther defraudin' a pore widder-lady?"

A WONDERFUL PLUM-TREE.

"I never see a beautiful lithograph of a fruit tree, crowned and gemmed with luscious fruit," the Jester went on: "without being reminded of an eminent success a neighbor of mine in Burlington made with plums. A banker, Mr. James Peasley, owned a beautiful home surrounded with charming grounds, and fruit trees were one of his pastimes. A tree man came along one year and sold him a plum-tree. The banker had had little success with plum-trees, on account of the rapacious and never satisfied curculio. But the tree man assured him the curculio would never touch this particularly beautiful variety: the Alonzo du Belvidere, or Light of the Harem Scarum. The banker bought the tree. It grew as never plum-tree grew before; a great swelling mass of foliage that wooed the sunbeams to play with its dancing shadows. And fruit! Every man that went by the Peasley homestead swore to himself there weren't enough dogs in the commonwealth of Iowa to keep him on the roadway side of that fence a week longer. It never failed, not one single year. Season after season it put forth

blooms until it looked like a Springtime snow-bank; and then, in the season of its fruit, it shone and gloried like a royal purple sunset in the banker's garden. One day I praised the tree, and the banker gave me of its fruit. I bit a piece out of the plum, and then started home for my gun. It was only a few steps down Barnes Street; but twice before I got there I forgot what I had started after. I climbed over into the foundations of Dr. Virgin's house and tried to die. Then I stopped in the vacant lot by Mr. Langley's cottage and ate the tops off the jimson weeds to take the taste out of my mouth. When I got home, I sent for George Miller, and told him the banker had poisoned me to get some money I owed him, and I wanted George to take down my *ante-mortem* statement. But I lived and forgave the man who had filled my young life with bitterness; and one day, standing under the swaying boughs of this deadly Upas plum-tree, he told me all its woful history. How at night the long-drawn howls and wail of terror-stricken boys, lying in the dew-sprinkled grass of the cow pasture, had filled the night with a weird, uncanny horror, and scared all of neighbor Blythe's dogs, or so many of them as the wails would go round, under the barn in the tree-bordered hollow. How thievish and road-weary tramps had eaten of this fruit, and had gone off down Boundary Street shouting 'Fire!' and had never been seen again. How one day a sandy pig, three and a half feet long, had eaten a couple of these plums that somebody had thrown over the fence, and then sat down in the dust of the street and cried and sobbed with pain and mortification until the golden sun went down in a sea of roseate splendor in the distant West. How visitors, friends of the family and guests of the home, had plucked and bitten a plum before they could be warned; and then, with ghastly countenances, tried to look as though they liked it. The robins shunned that tree. The curculio never went near it. The wandering crows of the air wouldn't look at it. Nothing ever touched it except the English sparrows. They liked it and grew fat upon it. Nothing," added the Jester: "nothing that ever grew can kill the English sparrow."—Robert J. Burdette, in *Burlington Hawkeye*.

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

Potatoes they grew small,
And they ate them tops and all
In Maumee;
The babies kicked and squaled
And mothers spanked them all
In Maumee;
CASTORIA'S cured them all,
No babies now that bawl
In Maumee.

When those who suffer with skin diseases try the Swayne's Ointment, all doubts cease as to its worth.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

ELECTRICITY.—All civilized communities are now awake to the importance of electricity as applied to light, communication, locomotion and healing. Of the rapid advance of this wonderful force, no better illustration can be given than the beneficial effects of Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes. In the last four and present issues of PUCK appears the decidedly novel, interesting and straightforward advertisement of these Electric Brushes, which, apart from their Electro-Magnetic powers, could not ordinarily be purchased for less than the sum asked. Dr. Scott is not of mushroom growth; he has been established for years at his present business address, is financially responsible, and you run no risk in sending him the amount required, in return for which he will send you a handsome brush, of pure bristles, permanently charged with magnetic force, and designed to last many years.

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, Nos. 21 and 23 Warren Street, at TEN CENTS per copy: Nos. 9, 10, 14, 16, 19, 22, 25, 26, 27, 29, 34, 37, 38, 40, 56, 87, 103.

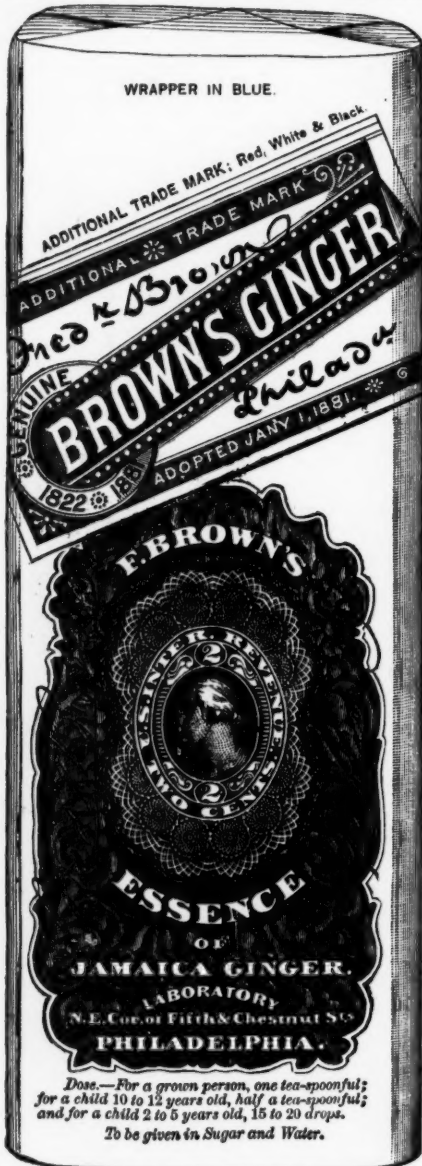
READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

CAUTION!

Unprincipled persons desiring to deceive the public with their imitations, usually copy

- I. The FLASK-shaped Bottle.
- II. The BLUE Wrapper.
- III. The general style of steel engraved Trade-Mark LABEL adopted 1858, for BROWN'S GENUINE GINGER.

The additional Trade-Mark in Red, White and Black, was adopted Jan. 1, 1881, to meet just such FRAUDS.



\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUS & Co., Augusta, Maine.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass

STORIES WITHOUT MORALS.

I.

Henry is a boy who gathers instruction from whatever he reads. He is not like some boys, who read simply for mental excitement, and who know no more about the great lessons intended to be inculcated by a book after they have laid it down than they did before taking it up. Once upon a time Henry read of a great man who died from overwork. "This is very sad," mused Henry; and he made a mighty resolve that, whatever might be the temptation, he would never so far forget his duty to himself and to mankind as to die of overwork. He began to act upon this resolution the very next morning. Everything he was bidden to do he set about so slowly that his mother lost all patience and said she would rather do it herself. It pained her to see him so awkward. Henry was not a lad who would willingly give pain to his dear mother; so he very soon neglected his work altogether. It was the same at school. He copied his mathematical problems from Charley Jones's slate (Charley was a studious boy; Henry characterized him as a "muff," whatever that may mean); he wrote all his history dates on his finger nails, for convenient reference during recitation, and, by divers other ingenious devices, most nobly kept his resolve. Henry is now the rich owner of a faro bank. Charles is bookkeeper upon the princely salary of \$500 per annum.

II.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." This motto was the guiding principle of James's life. When James first essayed to smoke a cigarette he turned deadly pale, and was very sick; but he was not the boy to weakly succumb to so trivial a thing as a cigarette. He tried again and again, and, though he was repeatedly quite ill in consequence of his bravery, he persisted until he could smoke any number of cigarettes with impunity. In time he conquered the legitimate cigar itself, and now chews tobacco with all the great efficiency of a man-of-war man. Frederick also tried to smoke a cigarette. He lacked the persistency of James. He was fickle in the extreme. He wished very much to smoke, but hardly had he puffed at a cigarette five minutes when he lost all interest in the diversion, and proceeded to dispossess himself of his dinner. Frederick not only failed wofully upon this initial attempt, but he surrendered unconditionally to his internal remonstrances and gave up the battle forever. James has no end of amusement in puffing his smoke in the faces of young ladies on the street, and in decorating the sidewalks with fluid tobacco; while Frederick, besides losing all this pleasure, is burdened with small change which might have been so profitably expended upon nicotine had he possessed the true manly courage which distinguished James from himself.

—Boston Transcript.

BED-BUGS, ROACHES,

Rats, mice, ants, flies, vermin, mosquitoes, insects, etc., cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. boxes at druggists.

No danger. German Corn Remover is harmless, but it always cures. 25 cents. Sold by druggists.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

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flavors his Champagne with ANGSTURA BITTERS, the world renowned appetizer. Have it on your table. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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He had always told her that her levity was not becoming, especially in a girl about to enter upon the sacred duties of a wife. She promised to reform, and the wedding came off at last. When the officiating clergyman, in the course of the ceremony, turned to the groom, and, in a very solemn manner, asked him to repeat the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," the bride ducked her head against the altar railing and just snorted with merriment. The groom was a deck-hand in a Myrtle Avenue thread and needle store.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

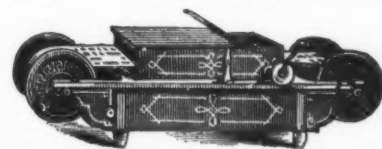
KATE FIELD is quite anxious to have some adequate distinction between "men and waiters." Men, allow us to inform Kate, are—men, while most old maids are "waiters," and not particularly patient ones at that.—*New Haven Register.*

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 "BROOKLYN.
 "GENTS—I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy."
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is acknowledged by judges to be the best cuvee
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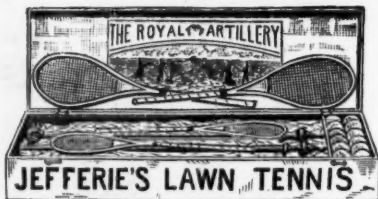
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THERE is talk of discontinuing the West Point Academy. Such a move would be a dangerous blow at the safety of our country. Unless we have an institution that will turn out hundreds of army officers annually, in a few years the number of privates in our standing army would equal its officers in strength, and a score or two of the epauletted persons who are serving their country by lounging about Washington, gracing balls and receptions with their presence, would be compelled to undergo hardships on the Western plains. Better retain West Point. The more money the Government fools away on such expensive affairs, the less it will have to squander on useless Arctic search and exploring expeditions.—*Norristown Herald*.

"MOVING this week, I presume," said a New Haven woman to her neighbor: "I'm sorry you are going to leave us."

"Oh, but we've concluded to stay another year. The landlord is going to paper the dining-room, and—"

"Indeed!" was the response, and, as she drifted into the house and slammed the door, she grumbled to herself: "I was so in hopes they were going."—*New Haven Register*.

THE Philadelphia militia was out on parade yesterday, and several persons mistook the proud drum-major at the head of a band for Roscoe Conkling.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

THE jewelry belonging to the Empress of Brazil has been stolen, which leads to the suspicion that her highness may contemplate going on the stage.—*Lowell Citizen*.

JESSE JAMES was responsible for at least forty deaths; but there are lots of doctors who can show a far worse record.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

"WE'LL shake once more for the quinine," as the ague said to its victim.—*Lowell Citizen*.

My little sickly, puny baby was changed into a great bouncing boy, and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time.—A young mother.

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(Each cake is wrapped in Tin Foil, and surrounded with Ultra-marine Blue Band, and bears the above device.) Always note this.
A Cake of Sapolio, a Bowl of Water and a Brush, Cloth or Sponge, will make

HOUSE CLEANING an easy and quick job—
WILL CLEAN PAINT and all painted surfaces—
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WILL CLEAN BATH TUBS, Wash Basins, &c.—
WILL CLEAN CROCKERY, Glassware, &c.—
WILL CLEAN KITCHEN UTENSILS, of all kinds—
WILL CLEAN WINDOWS without splashing of water—
WILL POLISH TIN, Brass and Copperwares—
WILL POLISH KNIVES, as you wash them—
WILL POLISH all Metal Surfaces and
WILL CLEAN all Household Articles—AND IS
BETTER AND CHEAPER than Soap.

Emery, Rotten Stone, Etc.

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desire relief, I can furnish a
means of Permanent and Posi-
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No charge for consultation by
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ALL THE POPULAR STYLES.

THEISS' CONCERTS, 14th ST., NEAR 6th AVE.
EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

SUSANNE'S BANGLE.

A little coin upon thy wrist
Doth dangle lazily and twist.
To be that little coin I list—
A pretty plan.

I should be toyed with and caressed,
By daintiest of fingers pressed,
And maybe clasped to fairest breast,
O fair Susanne!

But should I e'er in sorrow see
Another lover wooing thee,
Ah, perdy, that were misery—
O stupid plan!

The coin might with thy jewels try
To win the favor of thine eye,
But dare not with thy love envie,
O false Susanne!

—Will. Hatch Smiley, in *Washington Republic*.

You want to know how to tell whether or not he is dead gone on you? Ask him to button your glove. If he do it readily, you may as well look elsewhere; but if he go to work with "fingers all thumbs," and tug and strain; if he tear out a buttonhole or two; especially if he scratch your wrist once or twice, then you may be sure that you've got him, and may pull him in at your leisure.—*Boston Transcript*.

A MANUFACTURER advertises: "The strongest and cheapest bed in the market." He must mean an onion bed.—*Norristown Herald*.

MEERSCHAUM pipes are now made from potatoes. At the same time we never could endure smoked murphies.—*American Queen*.

Life is not really lived that cannot be enjoyed. The nerves must work harmoniously or there cannot be happiness. In Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, the nervous lady finds certain relief. They cure indigestion, flatulence and neuralgia.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS.

The original and only genuine "Rough on Rats" is manufactured by and has the name of Ephraim S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J., on each box. He employs no Traveling Agents nor Peddlers.

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Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

\$200 A MONTH—Agents Wanted. 100 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free for 6c. stamp. Also #2 Watches. FELTON MFG. Co., 138 Fulton St., New York.

"Nine Letter Puzzle," by mail 12 cents. Address "PUZZLE," 446 Broome Street.

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INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.

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have transferred to their retail counters their entire reserve of Black and Colored Silks and Satins, consisting of Brocades, Roman and Persian Stripes Moire, Rhadames, Satin Surahs, Summer Silks, etc.

These goods will be sold at prices that defy competition at wholesale or retail.

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COLLARS & CUFFS.
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MOSEL, Saturday, May 6th. | HOHENSTUFEN, Sat., May 13th.

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Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$27

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Sometimes through sickness or fevers the hair falls out in a short time, and, although the person may have remained bald for years, there can be seen a fine growth of hair, which covers the scalp. If you use BENTON'S HAIR GROWER according to directions, you are sure of a full natural growth of hair.

Ask your Druggist or Barber to get it for you, or the money can be sent to us direct, and the Grower will be sent prepaid.

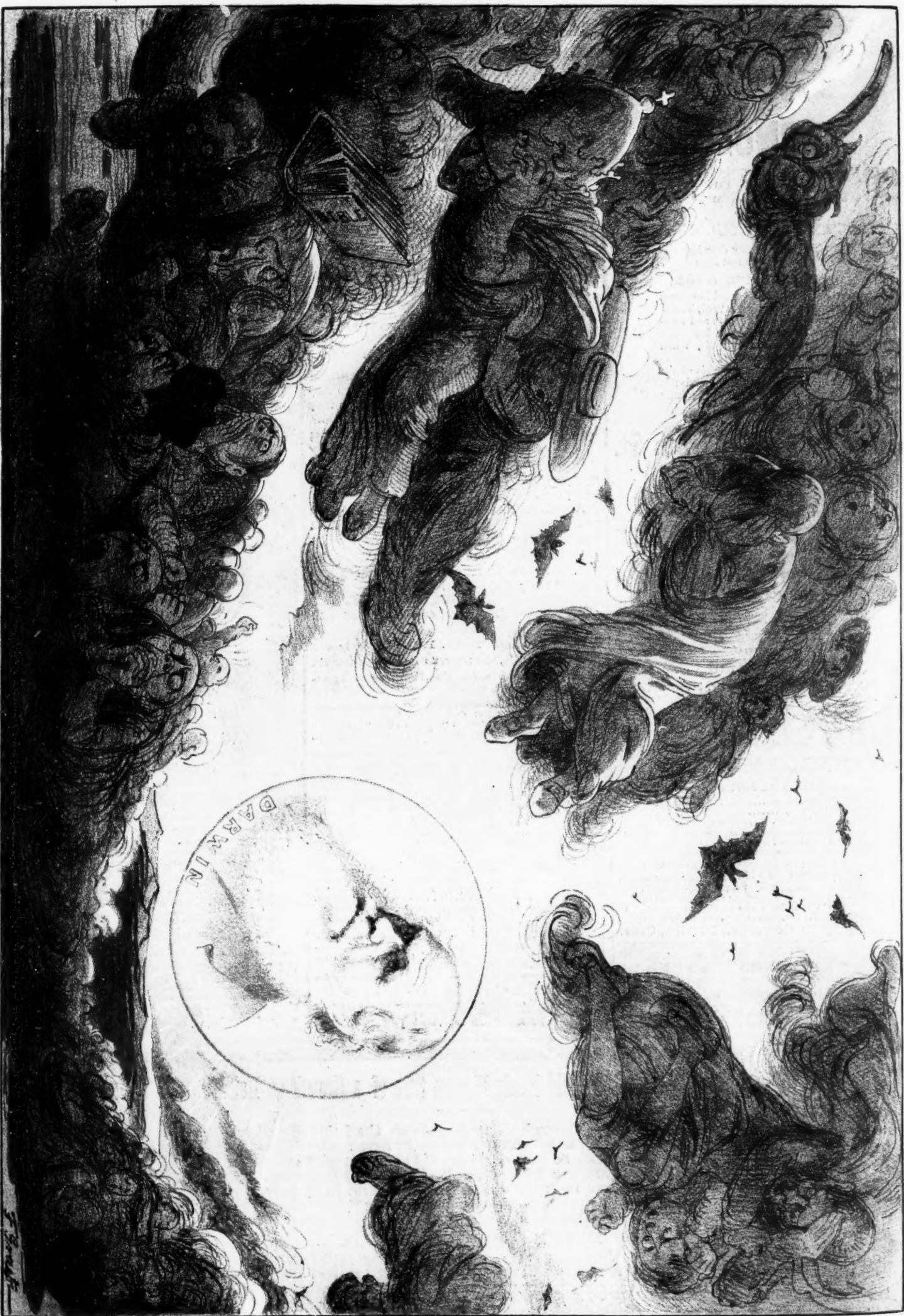
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